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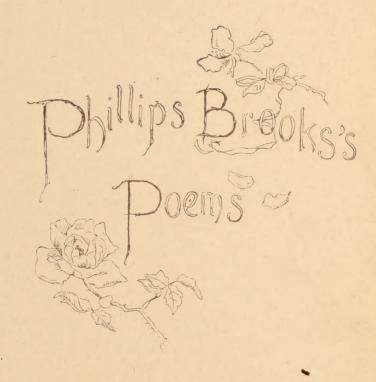
Dielaton

Bartle.

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pillips Brooks;



Soothing them in sorrow,

Arming them in strife.

Opening wide the tombdoors

Leading into life.

London: Ernest Nister 24 St. Bride Street E.C.

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And they came with baste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BECFLEHEM

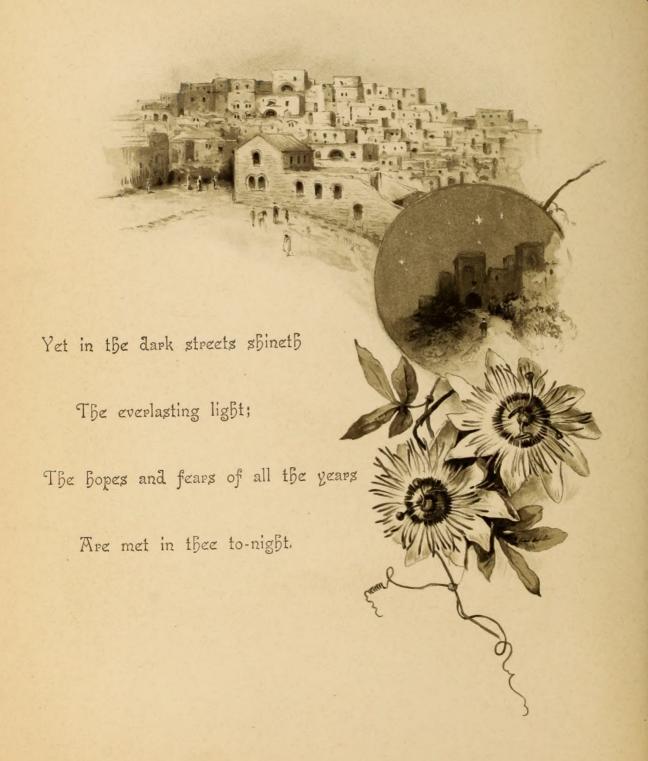


little town of Bethlehem,

How still we see thee lie;

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep

The silent stars go by.





Ind there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.





morning stars together

Proclaim the holy birth,

And praises sing to God the King,

And peace to men on earth.







or Christ is born of Mary,

And gathered all above,

While mortals sleep the angels keep

The watch of wondering love.



Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Ohrist the Lord.



Mow silently, how silently,

The wondrous gift is given,



o ear may bear His coming,

But in this world of sin,

Where meek souls will receive Mim still,

The dear Christ enters in.

Where Charity stands watching,

And Faith holds wide the door,

The dark night wakes; the glory breaks,

And Christmas comes once more.



Of Bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of Mis praise to be heard.



boly Child of Bethlehem,

Descend to us we pray,

Cast out our sin and enter in;

Be born in us to-day.

We bear the Christmas angels

The great glad tidings tell;

O come to us, abide with us;

Our Lord Emmanuel.



The Voice of the Christ Child.



he earth has grown cold with its burden of care,

But at Christmas it always is young,

The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,

And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,

When the song of the Angels is sung.





t is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night,

On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,

The feet of the Christ-child fall gently and white,

And the roice of the Christ-child tells out with delight

That mankind are the children of God.





n the sad and the lonely, the wretehed and poor

That voice of the Christ-ehild shall fall;

And to every blind wanderer opens the door

Of a hope which he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field

Where the feet of the holiest have trod,

This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,

When the silvery trampets of Christmas have pealed,

That mankind are the children of God.



While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and feat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

Christmas Once is Christmas Scill.

be silent skies are full of speech,

For who hath ears to hear;

The winds are whispering each to each,

The moon is calling to the beach,

And stars their sacred mission teach

Of Faith, and Love, and Fear,

Dut once the sky its silence broke, And song o'erflowed the earth, The midnight air with glory shook, And angels mortal language spoke, When God our human nature took In Christ the Saviour's birth.



nd Christmas once is Christmas still;

The gates through which He came,

And forests wild and murmuring rill,

And fruitful field and breezy bill,

And all that else the wide world fill

Are vocal with Mis name.

Shall we not listen while they sing

This latest Christmas morn,

And music hear in everything,

And faithful lives in tribute bring

To the great song which greets the King

Who comes when Christ is born.

Constant Christmas.

be sky can still remember

The earliest Christmas morn.

When in the cold December

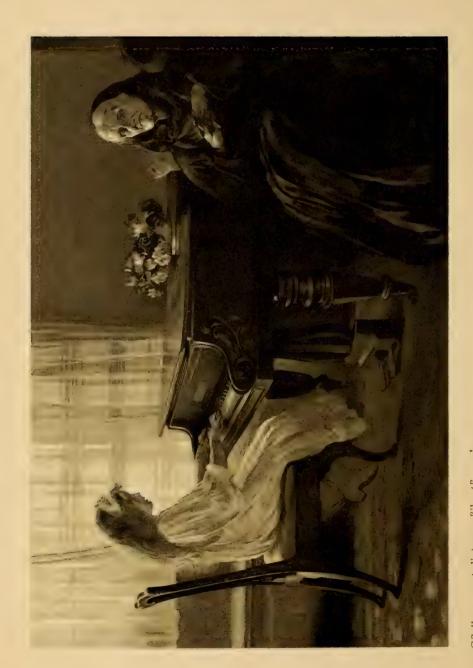
The Saviour Christ was born.

And still in darkness clouded

And still in noonday light,

It feels its far depths crowded

With Angels fair and bright.



Shall we not listen while they sing And music hear in everything?



never fading splendour!

O never silent song!

Still keep the green earth tender,

Still keep the gray earth strong;

Still keep the brave earth dreaming

Of deeds that shall be done,

While children's lives come streaming

Like sunbeams from the sun.

No trumpet's wind is blown,

But tells the Christmas story

In music of its own.



o eager strife of mortals

In busy field or town

But sees the open portals

Through which the Christ came down.

O Angels sweet and splendid,

Throng in our hearts and sing

The wonders which attended

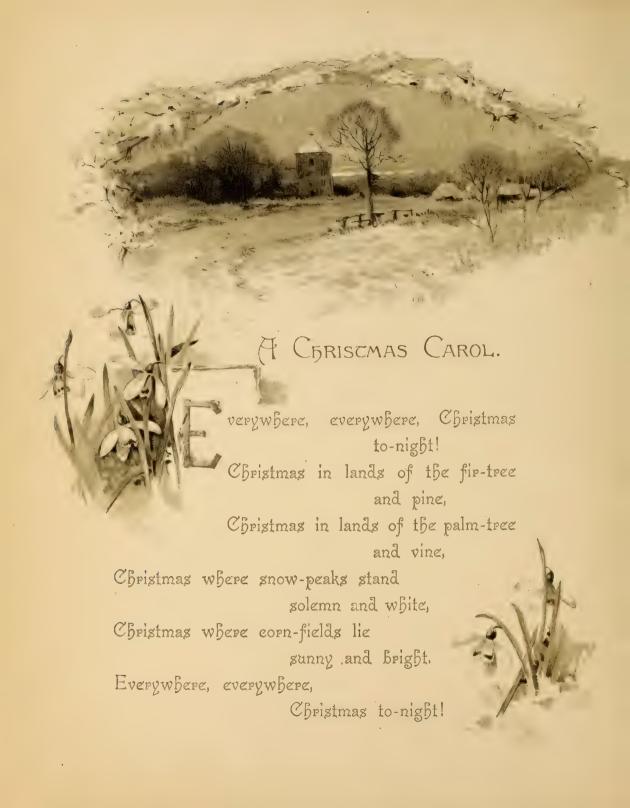
The coming of the King.

Till we, too, boldly pressing

Where once the Angels trod

Climb Bethlehem's Mill of Blessing,

And find the Son of God.



Bristmas where ehildren are hopeful and gay,

Christmas where old men are patient and gray,

Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,

Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-ehild who comes is the Master of all.

No palace too great and no cottage too small.

The angels who welcome Mim sing from the height,

"In the City of David a King in Mis might."

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!



Ben let every Beart keep its Christmas within,

Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,

Christ's eare for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,

Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light

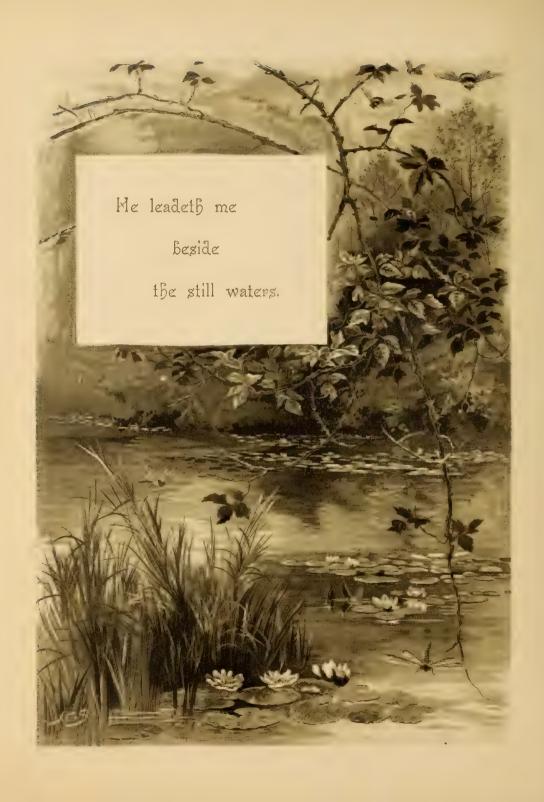
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night,

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round Shall see a strange glory, and hear a sweet sound,

And ery "Look! the earth is aflame with delight,

O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight."

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night



An Easter Carol.

omb, thou shalt not hold Mim longer;

Death is strong, but Life is stronger,

Stronger than the dark, the light,

Stronger than the wrong, the right,

Faith and Mope triumphant say

Christ will rise on Easter Day,



File the patient earth lies waking

Till the morning shall be breaking,

Shuddering 'neath the burden dread

Of her Master, cold and dead—

Mark! she hears the Angels say

Christ will rise on Easter Day.

Up and down our lives obedient

Walk, dear Christ, with footsteps radiant,

Till those garden lives shall be

Fair with duties done for Thee;

And our thankful spirits say,

Christ arose on Easter Day.



nd when sunrise smites the mountains,

Pouring light from Heavenly fountains.

Then the earth blooms out to greet

Once again the blessed feet;

And her countless voices say

Christ has risen on Easter Day.



I know that my Redeemer liveth.

Easter Angels.

wod hath sent Mis angels

To the earth again,

Bringing joyful tidings

To the sons of men.

They who first at Christmas

Thronged the Meavenly way,

Now beside the tomb-door

Sit on Easter Day.



ngels sing His triumph

As you sang Mis birth,

"Christ the Lord is risen,

Peace, goodwill on earth."

In the dreadful desert,

Where the Lord was tried,

There the faithful angels

Gathered at Mis side.



Me shall give Mis angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all the ways.



nd when in the Garden,

Grief, and pain, and eare

Bowed Mim down with anguish,

They were with Kim there.

Yet the Christ they honour

Is the same Christ still,

Who, in light and darkness,

Did Mis Father's will.



nd the tomb deserted

Shineth like the sky,

Since Me passed out from it

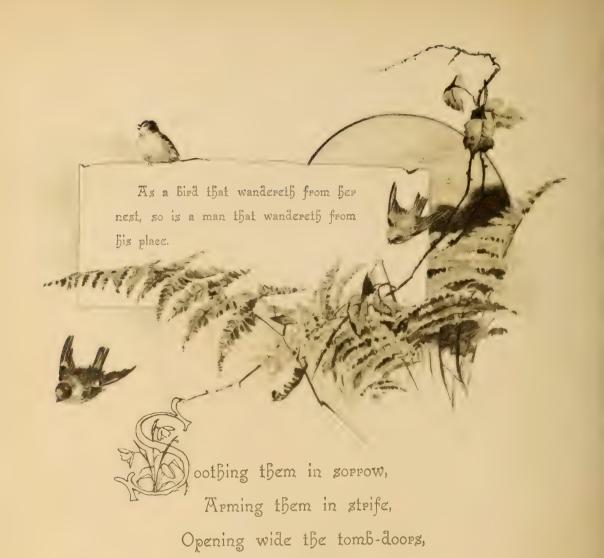
Into Vietory.

God has still His angels

Melping at Mis word

All Mis faithful children,

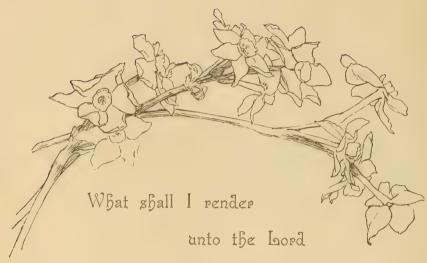
Like their faithful Lord.



Father, send Thine angels
Unto us, we pray,
Leave us not to wander
All alone our way.

Leading into life.





for all Mis Benefits toward me?

Ps. exvi. 12.







